

There are also baby toys
in the kitchen
and baby toys
in the bathroom. The garage
is full of baby toys.
There are boxes full of them
in the closets.

The back yard is covered with baby toys.
There are baby toys in the garden.
The back seat
of the car
is kneedeep in baby toys.

It's very fortunate that I like baby toys.
When you come over you'll probably be served
a beer
in a Foghorn Leghorn glass
or some red wine
in a Tommy Tippy cup.

What are all these bills for???

I ask my wife.
For baby toys, she says. Oh, I
say, of course.

THE CHEF IN THE WHITE HAT

The Chef in the white hat
slipped on the wet floor.
He made a blur in the air
as he fell.

How careless of who-ever
washed the floor! Heads will roll!

The Chef in the tall white hat
fell on the wet black floor.
Our camera caught him a blur
in mid air.

I wouldn't want to be the guy
who washed the floor!

The head cook in the tall chef's hat
slipped on the just washed floor. I
was there to take his picture.